

Hazy Days. by theweakestthing

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Summary:

The music faded into the background as he felt Steve against him, limbs tangled from the way they were laid out upon Jonathan's bed. Fully clothed and on top of the covers, Jonathan ran his thumb along the jut of Steve's jaw and Steve smiled down at him, it was the perfect afternoon. Even if his room looked like a hurricane had torn through it, his sheets were very worn and a little scratchy, even if the condensation forming on the window created a kind of mildew scent in the room, it was still the perfect afternoon. Jonathan tipped his head forward and pressed his lips to Steve's, he felt the other smile into the kiss and couldn't stop himself from doing the same.

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Steve's arms tightened around him, held him closer. Jonathan didn't usually take control in these situations, mostly because he was far less experienced than Steve and it made sense to follow the other's lead, but Jonathan suddenly felt the urge to push forward. He swiped his tongue along Steve's bottom lip and felt Steve gasp against him. It didn't go any deeper than that, didn't develop into anything but the slow and lazy expression of adoration between the two boys.

Their combined warmth was heating up the room in the autumnal air surrounding them. Jonathan broke the kiss and left a feather light trail from the corner of Steve's mouth down to the elder's neck, Steve shivered and giggled beneath him. With his hand against the other, he felt Steve's chest flutter as though there were a humming bird trapped in the cage of his ribs.

"Why's your music so depressing, it's so weird to be kissed when some guy sounds like he's two minutes away from killing himself," Steve said, there was a tone of laughter in his voice.

"You want me to change it?" Jonathan murmured, his lips ghosted over Steve's pulse as he spoke.

"Nah, it seems about right, being with you and listening to depressing music," Steve replied, his fingers slid into the hair at the nape of Jonathan's neck.

Jonathan laughed lightly with his nose pressed into the crook of

Steve's neck, hand curled softly around the curve of Steve's neck holding the other close. Steve snickered with him, tone low and warm like spiced rum, the noise was stuttered gently into his crown. Their laughter died down and their lazy kisses began anew, their grip on each other was loose but they still managed to stay breathlessly close to each other. Eventually their kisses slowed to a halt until they were simply breathing against each other.

They were precariously balanced on the edge of sleep, Jonathan figured he should clean his room or at the very least crack the window open, but he couldn't even find the strength to care let alone the strength to untangle himself from Steve and get up from to bed.

It hadn't always been like this though, there was a time when they were at each other's throats, there was a time when Jonathan had beat the crap out of Steve for saying reprehensible things about his family. They came together slowly, painfully slow. After Steve had come over to apologise and help them rid the world of an inter-dimensional monster, they hadn't exactly hit it off. He'd gotten closer with Nancy while Steve gave him the occasional hey and a nod as they passed each other in the hallways, but they never hung out.

Eventually Nancy had brought them together even though their schedules didn't exactly line up, Jonathan spent most of his time in the darkroom or at work or at home looking after his brother where Steve was either at basketball practice or just horsing around, Jonathan wasn't really available a whole lot but somehow Nancy had wormed her way in and worked it out. She'd talk to both of them between classes, she'd bring the pair of them to study sessions, had dragged Steve into the darkroom during lunch break until the two spoke to each other unprompted.

At first Jonathan had thought that there was still some animosity between them, at least on Steve's side, but after talking to the other for a while Jonathan began to realise it was the shame and guilt that had kept Steve away. Jonathan could hardly bare to look at Steve's wet puppy dog eyes as the other apologised for what seemed like the thousandth time. That was when Jonathan had broken and finally started to cut the other some slack, which seemed to be Jonathan's downfall. After that Steve had come at him with the his charm turned all the way up to eleven and somewhere down the line Jonathan had

folded, crumbled like wet origami.

Jonathan had fallen slow and sudden, as though he'd stumbled and then fell off the edge of a cliff. Steve had been right there with him, big 'ole doe eyes shining down at him, Jonathan hadn't known the meaning of hungry eyes until then. They'd come together like magnets, latched onto each other whenever no one was looking.

"What're you thinking about Jonny?" Steve asked, voice murmured and soft against the top of Jonathan's head.

"You," Jonathan breathed out his reply, words hot upon Steve's already clammy neck.

"Oh really?" Steve said, smiling into the crown of Jonathan's head. He smoothed his hand down Jonathan's back, he held the other close and the heat between them became cloying.

"Yeah, really, am I not supposed to?" Jonathan asked, brows pinched as he looked up at Steve.

"I guess it's fine, since I'm your boyfriend and all," Steve said, shrugging slightly beneath Jonathan.

"Oh, you guess do you?" Jonathan said mockingly before he kissed at Steve's neck, his nose grazed under Steve's jaw, tickling the other.

"Yeah," Steve giggled, he pulled the other up and held their mouths together.

Steve's hand was on the back of Jonathan's neck, possessive and holding him in place, Jonathan didn't mind. Really Jonathan enjoyed the way that Steve clung to him, as though Steve needed them to be as close as humanly possible. The other was somewhat attention seeking, at least Steve needed more attention than anyone else Jonathan had met, sometimes it was annoying but right then it was kinda cute.

"I love you," Jonathan murmured giddily against Steve's lips.

"Love you too Jonny-boy," Steve returned, smiling against the corner of Jonathan's mouth with his eyes still closed.

The day passed in that gentle haze, Jonathan only got up from the bed to change the record and snap a few pictures of Steve splayed out along the sheets. It was one of the best days of his life and Jonathan hoped to remember it for the rest of his life.